

HOME READING.

Rhoda Farrand.

By ELEANOR A. HUNTER.

At the close of these Centennial days, I am sure a song to a woman's praise; it is a proved fact that the time of strife, when a woman was a patriot's wife, was not young.

A broad-sabre'd with the quiet of tongue—
The sword and of which Solomon told,
Setting their wide rubies and gold.
A young brave clings around her name;
Rhoda, Rhoda Farrand, and worthy of fame,
For whose sake she dream'd 'twould be woven
In the mesh of her grand daughters' daughters times.

Listen to the clamor of war's alarms,
Lay a tranquil quiet to the Jersey farms.
A woman's hand in the produce in barn and shed,
By the bats and the girls was harvested;
For the winds of winter, the storm and chill,
Swept the field and the hill.

Her hand was with the army, and she
Was left on the farm at Parsippany.

When she heard the sound of a horse's feet,

And Marshal Doty rode up the street,

He paused a moment, and handed down

For Rhoda a letter from Morristown,

In her husband's hand—how she seized the sheet!

The children came running with eager feet—

They were Nata, and Betty, and Hannah,

And Rhoda to the letter, and thus it ran:

After her greeting to children and wife,
Heart of his heart and the life of his life,

I read from the paper, wrinkled and brown,

We are here for the winter at Morristown,

And a sorry sight are our men to day—

At letters and rags, and no sign of pay.

As we march to camp, if a man looked back,

He'd drop his gun, and lay it on our track;

For there's a man has a decent show,

But there's not a stocking the army through,

And see stockings as quick as can be;

My company needs them—every man—

And every man is a neighbor's lad.

They're to their mothers—*they need them bad.*

It's never before beat Rhoda's heart,

It's time to be doing a woman's part.

She seemed to her daughters, and Betty—

And Nata, and Hannah, in a stocking set,

With the stockings, and the socks, and the

And the stockings, and the socks, and the